

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



EXPLANATIONS.

## CROSS CURRENTS.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE CRÉTIN.

ON arriving at the hotel Hope found herself quite a heroine. The shouts and calls of her bearers, resembling the sound of sharp bells, having announced her return, the staff of the establishment, headed by Mrs. Hauser and Belton, were in the yard to receive her. The latter immediately took possession of her, and, examining her by the lights and

lanterns, gave a short grunt of satisfaction at recognising the Captain's coat, saying,—

"I am glad he thought it possible you might feel cold, though he was amazingly slow to believe that any harm could happen to you. I could not have eaten my dinner so quietly, knowing, as he did, where he had left you."

The further expression of displeasure which Belton was prepared to pour forth was cut short by Mrs. Stanmore, who called to her from the balcony

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

to bring Miss Hope upstairs immediately. The young girl was destined to experience more than one surprise that evening. Mrs. Stanmore, meeting her at the top of the stairs, took her out of Belton's arms into her own, and kissed her, saying, with some appearance of genuine affection,—

"My dear little Hope, how glad I am to see you again; what has happened?"

"She can't tell all in a minute," said Belton, abruptly, "and maybe she would rather tell it privately. Take her inside the room. Miss Ada is waiting to see her, and won't go to bed till she does. But how cold she is! We must have a bit of fire."

Belton rang the bell violently, and then ran to tell every one she met what was wanted. Though her French words were few, chiefly substantives anglicised and unsupported by verbs, pantomime with her was generally a sufficient substitute.

In a few minutes a bright fire crackled on the large hearth, and Hope was seated beside it. A queer little object she looked, still wrapped in the Captain's coat, which descended to her heels, its long sleeves hanging below her hands, giving her the appearance of a dwarf with his hat on. That removed, her pale, wearied face was pitiable to see, and caused Belton to remark that she would not be surprised if Miss Hope had seen something up there.

"She did, she saw a *crétin*," said Captain Ashworth, who, entering the room while Belton was speaking, had overheard the observation, and saw with some amusement her pertinacious attachment to the old fear.

"Christian, indeed!" replied Belton, whose limited French made her suppose the Captain to be laughing at her. "Don't call by that name any one, whoever he may be, who has given us all such a fright, and made our little Miss Hope so white and sad. She who is the merry cricket of the house. Why, for sure, she has been well scared; she has not spoken a word since she came in."

"I was frightened and lost my way," said Hope, now addressing Mrs. Stanmore.

"A Christian, indeed!" muttered Belton, now turning her thoughts into another channel; "I have my doubts of any one being a Christian who is not kind to his fellow-creatures. Good clothes, and learning, and proud ways don't make one to my mind. I like to see Christians kind. The Bible says that once they used to love one another."

Belton delivered herself of her opinion with a kind of unctuous enjoyment of it, accompanied by a nod of the head in the direction of the Captain.

"Don't forget, Belton, that Miss Hope has had nothing to eat," observed Mrs. Stanmore.

"Nor that some of us have eaten a good dinner while the poor lamb was up there," continued Belton. "A Christian, indeed!"

Captain Ashworth drew his moustache impatiently within his lips. Belton had taken up the very point that really annoyed him, and which every glance at the small, uncomplaining figure now shivering over the fire made him more and more regret. Belton was not sorry to give the young man a lesson, or as she would express it, a bit of her mind. She liked him as she liked all who were tried or afflicted, but she never approved of his isolated habits and gloomy moods, when he might easily, if he chose, be more cheerful himself and more useful and agreeable to her young ladies. She was especially displeased

with him for slighting her apprehensions and sitting down to dinner without taking any steps to seek Hope, though on his return to the hotel without her she had expressed her opinion clearly enough that it was not safe to leave her *up there*. *Up there* seemed to Belton the very place for concentrated disquietude if not of fear.

The love of being in the right is strong in our frail humanity. Is it safe to assert that in Hope's misadventure Belton felt as much triumph as regret? Having discharged her shaft of reproach, she was hurrying away to put Mrs. Stanmore's suggestion into practice when Mrs. Hauser appeared with some warm spiced drink which suited Hope better than anything else. Mrs. Stanmore's reception was not the only novelty about Hope. Another was also acting out of character that evening. Captain Ashworth, instead of lounging indolently in self-abstraction, leaving to others whatever there was to do, was now on one knee before the hearth, zealously blowing up the fire and rearranging the tumbling sticks with his hand. The bright light on his face revealed a change in its expression. The sarcastic look too often visible had given place to one regretful as well as serious, and his features, generally cold and severe, appeared in the flickering light considerably softened.

Before Belton carried Hope off to bed she was sufficiently revived to give Mrs. Stanmore a short account of her adventures, beginning with her quiet enjoyment of the scene about her, its interruption by the sudden apparition of the most repulsive object she had ever beheld, and her flight down the wrong path, with some portion of her fears and perplexities.

"I did not know there were any *crétins* in this neighbourhood," said Mrs. Stanmore, addressing her nephew.

"Nor are there—at least, no aborigines," said Piers. "This poor creature came from St. Maurice. I hear from Mr. Hauser that a few years ago a benevolent individual, in pursuit of a favourite theory that change of locality cured *crétinism*, brought the family, consisting of mother and son, into this part of Switzerland, and settled them in a small town. They afterwards came to Saighières. Withdrawing more and more from others, they have lately fixed themselves in a miserable hut in the small forest near the castle. The lad goes by the name of Botto, is sometimes mischievous, and is under no control but his mother's, and she is a more wicked spirit than himself."

"Can nothing be done for him?" inquired Mrs. Stanmore. Satisfied that Hope was safe, and would in all probability be restored by a night's rest, her benevolence took, as usual, a broad intellectual form. She was one of the heavy machines more adapted to great work than small. "It is a pity that the establishment at Abendberg is closed, or we might procure the lad's admittance there. What can we do for him?" she continued, thoughtfully.

"Give him a horsewhipping—he deserves it for frightening our poor little Hope," answered Piers, in no very gentle tone.

"Nephew!" said Mrs. Stanmore, reproachfully. "A poor creature deprived of reason, and of all the pleasures reason creates, is also without responsibility. It is for those favoured as we are to compassionate and assist them."

"Favoured as you are you had better say; it does not seem to me that I ever had any deep sense of

responsibility." Captain Ashworth was walking up and down the room, feeling cross and discontented, at war with his fortunes, and still more with himself. "How ridiculous to have been influenced by Clarice Hawtreys's foolish recommendation," he thought. "Poor little Hope, so kind and self-forgetful, so good to Ada Lester, good to my mother, good also to me, churlish as I often am. Such a little thing as she is—a mere child—I ought to have cherished and protected her. I wonder she has not resented my culpable negligence." He walked about without heeding Mrs. Stanmore, who, mistaking his silence for attention, continued talking.

"I shall go to-morrow morning and try to see this *crétin* myself," said Piers, thinking aloud.

"That is just what I have been all this while asking you to do. Endeavour to ascertain his real state as far as you can, and take some one with you to serve as an interpreter, for in all probability you will not understand their language yourself."

"Christian, indeed!" muttered Belton, while assisting Hope to undress, "I can't get over the Captain calling the creature by that name. Sure, it is because he won't see that Belton was right in fearing to go where one has no business to go."

Hope explained that Captain Ashworth did not say *chrétien*, which meant Christian, but *crétin*, a name given to poor deformed idiots in Switzerland, and that the miserable object that had so frightened her was one of them.

"I will read to you about them to-morrow; they are sadly afflicted. I had no time to think what it was, but even had I known, I should have done the same, I should have run away as fast as I could."

"Poor lamb!" sighed Belton; "and to think of the captain sitting quietly down to his dinner."

"So they all did," answered Hope, with a little lump in her throat, nevertheless.

"Oh, I don't blame the ladies. Miss Ada went to the window several times, and had to make excuses for you. Mrs. Stanmore did not like your not being punctual. The Captain was the only man of the party; the others of course could not go after you. He ought to have gone back for you, knowing that you were up there."

Belton could not forgive Captain Ashworth, and expatiated on his delinquencies, without any idea how much she was wounding and mortifying her auditor. Hope felt it all too keenly, though an innate dignity, little suspected by Belton, kept her from showing any consciousness of having been slighted.

The prominent figures on the tablet of her mind before sleep put an end to the day's emotions, were those of the *crétin* and his mother, and then came that of Captain Ashworth in his accustomed place at table, serious and listless as usual; and next, Captain Ashworth kneeling on the hearth, carefully arranging the fire, and looking more like the Piers of her childhood's recollections than she had seen him for twelve years. And this might have been the last image flitting before her, had it not been for Belton's parting reference to the former one. She was not long, however, in falling asleep. Those sorrows are not heavy that are easily forgotten in slumber.

When Hope entered the sitting-room the following morning, having risen late, she found Ada at one end of it engaged in some favourite piece of work, and Mrs. Stanmore with her nephew at the other,

surrounded by books and pamphlets, as if in serious consultation.

"Good morning, Hope," said the former, looking up from the page she was reading; "I heard from Belton that you had slept well. You have breakfasted, I know."

"What sort of dreams had you?" asked Captain Ashworth, placing her a chair beside his aunt, and pointing to an object lying before him.

"My glove!" exclaimed Hope, looking doubtful and surprised.

"Yes, and from *up there*, as Belton would say," returned Piers.

"How and when did you find it?" asked Hope.

"This morning, before you were awake."

A walk before breakfast, or afterwards at any early hour, was so foreign to his habits as to awaken her genuine surprise.

"I was there before eight o'clock," he continued, "and found this small article all wet with dew, on the wall where, I suppose, you had been sitting."

"Had you taken some one with you as I suggested, you could perhaps have obtained the information I want," said Mrs. Stanmore.

"But I did not go to obtain information," answered Piers, "I went to satisfy curiosity. I saw the object of Hope's terror; he was shambling about the ruin, and made off as soon as he saw me."

"What was he like?"

Ada came forward, and added her question to Mrs. Stanmore's.

"He might be a specimen of the times of our forefathers in one of the stages of human progression," answered Piers; "a new theory has just entered into my mind. What if we may look among the *crétins* for the different grades of the transition state when the human race were coming into being? My principal difficulty is whether Botto should precede or follow the ape."

"But he has a mother like other women, only very ugly; she has a human form and face, too, repulsive because it looks wicked," said Hope.

"Ah! there you have created a difficulty. I do not know if the progression was regular, or whether there was occasionally a retrogression in the species."

Ada, not disposed to enter into Captain Ashworth's pseudo-scientific speculations, wished to know more about his early visit to the ruins, but his mind was otherwise occupied.

"If you desired so much to visit the old castle, why did you not ask me to go with you?" said he, turning abruptly towards Hope.

"I never thought of asking you," she replied.

"And why not? We usually expect our friends to pay some attention to our wishes, and to comply with them when they can."

"Our friends, yes," repeated Hope with emphasis.

Piers looked hard at her; he was searching her thoughts. She raised her eyes, and met his with the gentle sedateness natural to her.

"You reckon me among them, I suppose?" pursued Piers.

"No, I do not," was the unexpected reply.

"As what, then? A stranger? That cannot be after spending three months in the same house."

"As Mrs. Stanmore's nephew," rejoined Hope, after an instant's hesitation, during which she was evidently seeking her words.

"I suppose Belton has been harping upon her one string of discord; well, it had an ugly look," thought



Captain Ashworth as he sauntered out of the room, and left Hope without reply.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A TILT.

"You have offended him," observed both the ladies, surprised at Hope's sincerity, and not sorry that the Captain's self-complacency should be disturbed.

"I did not wish to offend him," said Hope, rather ruefully; "he would question me; I could not tell an untruth. Until last night, when pity wrung it from him, Captain Ashworth had never said a kind word to me since I was a little girl of twelve. How could I say that I reckoned him among my friends?"

Though candid and outspoken when necessary, Hope was not one to find any pleasure in vexing or mortifying others. She was too good to indulge those petty resentments to which women, older and better instructed than herself, will sometimes condescend, so she resolved on the first opportunity to make Piers understand that she had not spoken in complaint, but only in reply to a direct question.

The desired occasion soon presented itself. A little before luncheon, she was standing on the balcony, when Piers came towards the window and paused on the threshold. Thinking that he might go away because she was there, Hope called him. He joined her immediately, saying, "You want, perhaps, to tell me that you have been availing yourself of the questionable privilege of striking an unarmed man, and are sorry for it?"

Expecting him to be in one of his cross moods, she was unprepared for the good-humoured tone in which he spoke; he seemed more amused than displeased: "I should have said nothing if you had not questioned me."

"It is, however, true that you do not regard me in the light of a friend, only as an acquaintance?"

Hope, feeling that he meant to be answered, bent her little head in sign of affirmation.

"Why?"

She was silent; it went against her self-respect to mention the several slights she had received, and his general indifference of manner.

"Why?" he repeated; "a person so careful in making distinctions must at least understand them herself."

"Certain qualities are requisite to constitute a friend."

"Granted; you must also grant that there are degrees of friendship. We talk of the strictest bond of friendship, there may also be the most feeble, and all the intervening degrees. I understood that I was excluded from the circle altogether. I have known you long enough to be counted among the number."

"Length of years may increase enmity as well as friendship; both grow," replied Hope, a little mischievously.

"You cannot look upon me in the light of an enemy. I could not credit that without being furnished with some strong proof of delinquency, such as I am sure you cannot give." He had taken his place at her side, and was looking far away into the forest opposite; "I may sometimes be cross-grained and not agreeable, but that is all. You do not think for a moment that I would knowingly have exposed you to the alarm and inconvenience you experienced last night?"

"No," replied Hope, slowly, and as if weighing her words deliberately, notwithstanding being aware

that her companion, withdrawing his gaze from the distant objects, had now fixed it searchingly upon her; "I do not think you would have allowed me to remain in the ruin alone had you known the result."

It was not her fault that she remembered with what disdainful aversion he had told his mother he hoped that she would not encourage her visits to "The Bower" whilst he was there. Piers had so far forgotten it himself as to be surprised that now, being inclined to be gracious, his tardy overtures were so coldly received.

"What entitles a person to be considered as a friend?" he asked.

The answer was prompt. "Kind deeds and thoughtful acts, all tending to make the object of them happier."

"By going in search of you last night, and causing you to be found, did I not make you happier?"

"That was humanity, not friendship. Friendship can neither be gained nor maintained by any one solitary act."

"Solitary," repeated Piers, gravely, stroking his bearded chin, as if reflecting deeply, yet there was an amused expression at the corners of his mouth which somewhat belied his gravity. "I understand. The habitual practice of kind actions towards any object makes you his or her friend. My aunt intends to have our poor cr  tin cleaned, clothed, taught, and cared for; she is his friend. We cannot do all that for every one, you for instance."

"I should say that Mrs. Stanmore was his benefactor, I should not use the word friend."

"Then I am altogether out," replied Piers, with a perplexed look. "It seems that I know nothing about friendship, not even theoretically."

"I have no doubt you know very well what it is and what it is not; also where you feel it and where you do not feel it. You know, too, that it must show itself when it exists. There is no reason for concealment or repression, as it must be pleasant to both parties. Friendship has one great advantage over other qualities—I think it is very difficult to feign."

"And to practise?" rejoined Piers.

"It is very beautiful," answered Hope, with kindling eyes; she was then thinking of Mrs. Ashworth and the many tender counsels received from her.

"As I am set aside altogether, let me hear the names of some of those choice individuals whom you regard as friends."

Though Piers asked rather ironically, Hope willingly answered,—

"Mrs. Stanmore, Ada, Belton, your mother, one of the dearest," she paused.

"Go on, go on, you are not so poor as that."

"There is old Jacob, Mr. Saunders, his great dog, Ray—"

"And his wife, I suppose."

The tone was so bitter that Hope could not help glancing up at him. Whatever savoured of jest in the conversation had now entirely disappeared; his face was flushed to a reddish brown, and he looked stern and angry. Hope would have remained silent, but he forced a reply by repeating his words.

"No; I do not reckon Clarice among my friends."

"What, neither of us; and why not?"

"Because I do not esteem her."

"She esteems herself one of your friends, at least I have accustomed myself to think so."

For the first time the recommendation by which Clarice had so annoyed him appeared in a new light. What advantage could arise to Hope from partnership with a broken-down man like himself? The thought was as a flash of light changing the whole atmosphere around him.

"She is kind enough—I have nothing to say to the contrary—but I have never had sufficient esteem for her to class her amongst my friends since—"

"Oh, pray go on, I see you have more to say; you will not hurt me," observed Piers, in a constrained tone, yet his face was white now, and his long nervous fingers were clasped tightly round the railing. "Since—what were you going to say?"

"Since she broke faith with you!"

It was the first time Hope had ever alluded to this darkened portion of his domestic history. It came about very naturally, yet seeing the effect of her words, she soon regretted having uttered them.

Piers' head went down immediately, resting on his arms, and his shoulders heaved, though he said not a word, nor made a sound; not even a sigh escaped him. It was a stern, resolute struggle for self-control.

"I beg your pardon, Captain Ashworth," said Hope, feeling distressed and awkward; "I did not mean to speak of her; I think you led me on, or I should not have done so."

"Can any one believe that I am such a fool as to care still? Oh, Clarice! had you loved me one tenth as well as I loved you, I could have made myself almost happy in my blindness! Now that I am restored to health I could have done something to make your life easy; we need not have descended into the poverty that you feared so much."

Believing Captain Ashworth to be thinking aloud rather than talking to her, and that he would prefer finding himself alone when he did look up, Hope slipped past him quietly, and entered the room.

In a few minutes he followed her. She was alone. He sat down by her, and said, softly, calling her by her name, as he had done two or three times the previous night, "Hope, you have seen my heart in its weakness; I am ashamed of it. I must ask you not to tell what you have witnessed—never; not even to my mother—never; not to any one."

Hope willingly gave the promise he required, and that seemed to satisfy him.

"I trust you," said he, looking into her true little face. "I trust you. My mother's high opinion of you would be ill-deserved if you broke your word with me."

"Luncheon," said Ada, looking into the room.

They rose and followed her, both so serious and thoughtful that Mrs. Stanmore, mistaking the cause, observed that Piers was no better than a boy if he allowed himself to be angry with a young girl like Hope, adding, "You are double her age."

"I am thirty-three, or nearly so; the best part of my life is gone," said Captain Ashworth, sadly; "if age gives wisdom, I have some claim to it."

"If gravity is one of the signs of it, Hope must be very profound. What is the matter, little thing? Have you and Captain Ashworth finished your quarrel?" asked Ada.

Hope looked up with a smile, saying, "I think so."

"It is settled that we are neither friends nor foes. You will class me among the former, I hope," said Piers, helping Ada from the dish before him.

"Neutrals, then," said Ada, gaily; "the most uncomfortable situation to be in. I advise you to change it. Neutrals are always in the wrong."

"They are seldom in the right, I grant." Captain Ashworth had recovered himself. Addressing his conversation chiefly to Miss Lester, he seemed to wish to be agreeable, and so far succeeded that when he rose from table with the intention of going away to fish she remonstrated.

"You have only a few days to remain with us, and are really improving. You know that after spending any time in fishing you are certain to relapse into *sauvagerie*."

Mrs. Stanmore supported Ada, though for a different reason.

"I want you to see some of the village authorities and procure me all the information you can respecting this poor *crétin*."

"And I want to go my own way and meditate with my fishing-rod. In spite of what Miss Lester says, I feel satisfied that the occupation will improve my temper."

As Mrs. Stanmore insisted, Piers was obliged to yield, and did so with a good grace, being himself interested in the poor lad from the very repulsiveness of his appearance.

The result of his inquiries was not so satisfactory to Mrs. Stanmore as to the commune. There was no hope of any radical amelioration of Botto's condition. He was too far sunk into a state of degradation to be improved. The only benefit she could confer was to place a sum of money in the hands of the mayor of the district for himself and his mother that he might be better fed and cared for.

Poor Botto! he was one of many a painful specimen of a mysterious malady. The origin of *crétinism* has never been satisfactorily accounted for, no one circumstance being adequate to explain it. Some refer it to bad water, some to the absence of all cleanliness, some to the confined air of certain populous villages, and others to the intermarriage of the natives from generation to generation. Close heat and a want of good air have certainly something to do with it, as it is a well attested fact that mild *crétinism* and its sister misery, *goitre*, have in many instances been greatly benefited by a change of locality.

#### BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND WILLIAM COWPER.

I HAD lately an opportunity of looking over a pile of old letters and papers belonging to a gentleman deceased, which were considered useless, and looked upon as waste paper. It occurred, curiously enough, in the pretty out-of-the-way village of Winteringham, so intimately associated with the household names of the Rev. Thomas Adams, its rector, author of "Private Thoughts," and of Henry Kirke White, who passed two or three years there under the tutorship of the Rev. Mr. Grainger. I own to a "weakness" for autographs, and had almost despaired of finding anything noteworthy, when I caught sight of a square, old-looking letter, with a broken seal, addressed to "John Thornton, Esqr., Clapham, Surrey," and on opening it found, no less to my surprise than pleasure, that it was an original and characteristic letter of two pages from William Cowper, dated from Olney in 1782, to that eminent philanthropist.

The letter proved to be of considerable value and interest, showing how, during a period of despondency, the poet had given up all hope of further authorship, and how, under the potent influence of generous appreciation, he rose above his depression, and again resumed his "favourite employment." Then we have a delightful glimpse of his modesty in not over-estimating his own abilities, and his remarks on the subject are not less remarkable for shrewdness and strong common sense, qualities which genius is too often accused of lacking. The letter also shows in what high estimation Franklin, the once poor printer's boy, but then eminent philosopher, was held, not only by men of science and by politicians, but by scholars and men of letters.

The book referred to in the letter was "Table Talk," etc., which Thornton forwarded to Franklin, who was then ambassador in Paris. Franklin, in his reply, paid a generous tribute of praise to the then unknown poet. Possibly, had it not been for the well-timed encouragement the retiring poet met with at this period, his future productions would have been lost to the world. It is also a pleasing illustration of the stimulus afforded to talent by generous encouragement, as against the numerous instances recorded in which it has been disheartened, if not absolutely crushed, by adverse criticism, or chilled by neglect, still harder to bear.

The letter, as far as we know, has never been published, but there are various references to Dr. Franklin's seasonable and generous praise in the poet's correspondence. These references we give from the published letters of Cowper before presenting the original letter from Cowper to Mr. Thornton.

In a letter to the Rev. William Unwin, from Olney, May 27, 1782, Cowper cheerily sets off the praise of "one of the first philosophers" against "the censures of the Critical Reviewers":—

"My dear Friend,—Rather ashamed of having been at all dejected by the censure of the Critical Reviewers, who certainly could not read without prejudice a book replete with opinions and doctrines to which they cannot subscribe, I have at present no little occasion to keep a strict guard upon my vanity, lest it should be too much flattered by the following eulogium. I send it to you for the reasons I gave when I imparted to you some other anecdotes of a similar kind while we were together. Our interests in the success of this same volume are so closely united, that you *must* share with me in the praise or blame that attends it; and sympathising with me under the burden of injurious treatment, have a right to enjoy with me the cordials I now and then receive, as I happen to meet with more favourable and candid judges.

"A merchant, a friend of ours (you will soon guess him), sent my Poems to one of the first philosophers, one of the most eminent literary characters, as well as one of the most important in the political world, that the present age can boast of. Now, perhaps, your conjecturing faculties are puzzled, and you begin to ask, 'Who, where, and what is he? speak out, for I am all impatience.' I will not say a word more; the letter, in which he returns his thanks for the present, shall speak for him.

"We may now treat the critics as the Archbishop of Toledo treated Gil Blas, when he found fault with one of his sermons. His Grace gave him a kick, and said, 'Begone for a jackanapes, and furnish

yourself with a better taste, if you know where to find it.'"

In a letter to Joseph Hill, Esq. (Feb. 13, 1783), telling him who wrote "John Gilpin," he says:—"My book procures me favours which my modesty will not permit me to specify; except one which, modest as I am, I cannot suppress—a very handsome letter from Dr. Franklin, at Passy. These fruits it has brought me."

And again, a week later, Feb. 20, he writes to Hill, enclosing a copy of the letter which he prized so highly:—

"Suspecting that I should not have hinted at Dr. Franklin's encomium under any other influence than that of vanity, I was several times on the point of burning my letter for that very reason. But not having time to write another by the same post, and believing that you would have the grace to pardon a little self-complacency in an author on so trying an occasion, I let it pass. One sin naturally leads to another and a greater; and thus it happens now, for I have no way to gratify your curiosity, but by transcribing the letter in question. It is addressed, by the way, not to me, but to an acquaintance of mine, who had transmitted the volume to him without my knowledge.

"Passy, May 8, 1782.

"Sir,—I received the letter you did me the honour of writing to me, and am much obliged by your kind present of a book. The relish for reading of poetry had long since left me; but there is something so new in the manner, so easy and yet so correct in the language, so clear in the expression, yet concise, and so just in the sentiments, that I have read the whole with great pleasure, and some of the pieces more than once. I beg you to accept my thankful acknowledgments, and to present my respects to the author.—Your most obedient, humble servant,  
"B. FRANKLIN."

The "merchant, a friend of ours (you will soon guess him)," who sent the "Table Talk" to Franklin, as he wrote to Mr. Unwin, was no other than John Thornton, and the letter which turned up among the old papers at Winteringham is that in which the poet expressed his grateful thanks for the friendly service rendered. Here is the letter:

"To John Thornton, Esq.,

"Clapham, Surrey.

"Dear Sir,—You have my sincere thanks for your obliging communication, both of my book to Dr. Franklin, and of his opinion of it to me. Some of the periodical critics I understand have spoken of it with contempt enough; but while gentlemen of taste and candour have more favourable thoughts of it, I see reason to be less concerned than I have been about their judgment, hastily formed, perhaps, and certainly not without prejudice against the subjects of which it treats.

"Your friendly intimation of the Doctor's sentiments reached me very seasonably; just when in a fit of despondence, to which no man is naturally more inclined, I had begun to regret the publication of it, and had consequently resolved to write no more. For if a man has the fortune to please none but his friends and their connexions, he has reason enough to conclude that he is indebted for the measure of success he meets with, not to the real value of his book but to the partiality of the few that approve it. But I now feel myself differently affected towards my favourite employment; for which sudden change



in my sentiments I may thank you and your correspondent in France. His entire unacquaintedness with me, a man whom he never saw nor will see, his character as a man of sense and erudition, and his acknowledged merit as an ingenious and elegant writer, and especially his having arrived at an age when men are not to be pleased they know not why, are so many circumstances that give a value to his commendations, and make them the most flattering a poor poet could receive, quite out of conceit with himself, and quite out of heart with his occupation.

"If you think it worth your while when you write next to the Doctor to inform him how much he has encouraged me by his approbation, and to add my respects to him, you will oblige me still further, for next to the pleasure it would afford me to hear that it had been usefull to any, I cannot have a greater, so far as my volume is in question, than to hear that it has pleased the judicious.

"Mrs. Unwin desires me to add her respectful compts.

"I am, Dear Sir,

"Yr. affecte. and most obedt. hble. servt.,

"Olney, May 21, 1782."

"WM. COWPER.

#### THE IMPERIAL CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.

**A**MONG the numerous members of European dynasties with which our Queen and her family are allied by marriage, there is no name more illustrious than that of Frederick William, Crown Prince of Germany and Prussia, the husband of our own Princess Royal, Queen Victoria's eldest daughter. He is the only son of the Emperor William I of Germany, the Nestor of the reigning sovereigns of Europe.

Prince Frederick William was born at Potsdam on the 18th of October, 1831, in the reign of his grandfather, King Frederick William III of Prussia, who died in 1840, and was succeeded by Frederick William IV, the elder brother of the present Emperor of Germany.

Those were the days of the transformation of Prussia from an absolute to a constitutional monarchy. The semblance of a national representation, established in 1847 under the name of the joint Diet, was swept away by the stormy revolution of 1848, which made its progress through France and Germany, overturning several thrones in its march, either permanently or for a limited time. Prussia was the last country that was dragged into the vortex of this political cyclone, but the shock, though delayed, was none the less violent. In the "March days," King Frederick William had to consent, very much against his will, to the meeting of a National Assembly at Berlin, and his brother, then Prince of Prussia, who was thought to be very much opposed to the claims of the revolutionists, went abroad and remained in England for some time.

Two years were spent in desultory labours, but at last a constitutional charter was sworn to and promulgated by the King on the 1st of February, 1850. The teachings of this period were not lost on the youthful Prince. The convulsion through which his country passed in 1848 and 1849 had been intensified by an undue stretch of firmness at a time when a yielding disposition would have answered

the emergency better. Thus far, the Prince's whole life has shown that he has taken these teachings to heart and profited by them. Without being in any way deficient in that strength of mind that seems to be an appanage of the dynasty to which he belongs, Prince Frederick William has repeatedly evinced a spirit of conciliation in its proper place, and some day when the secret history of the Prussian constitutional crisis shall come to be written, we may learn to what extent he was instrumental in preventing the designs of the "thorough" party from being carried to their logical end.

The marriage of Prince Frederick William with the Princess Royal of Great Britain, which was solemnised on the 25th of January, 1858, severed the first link from the then unbroken chain of Queen Victoria's family. The alliance between the eldest son of Prussia and the eldest daughter of England was looked upon at the time as an important historical event, calculated to draw more closely the bond of union between the dynasties of the two greatest Protestant powers of Europe. The sequel has not fully borne out this expectation, for family alliances count less than they once did in the affairs of nations. Still, it is all but certain that the whole of the dynastic influence admissible under the British constitution has repeatedly been exerted in the interest of peace, in cases in which political considerations tended to war. There are few men now living in England who may not at this moment heartily rejoice that, owing in a great measure to the personal influence of Queen Victoria, the warlike leanings that manifested themselves in many quarters in 1863, 1864, and 1870, were efficiently neutralised, and the blessings of peace preserved to this country.

Within four years of the Crown Prince's marriage began that constitutional struggle between the nation and the Government of Prussia, which arose chiefly from a diversity in the interpretation of certain clauses in the charter of 1850. By that time the Prince's father had succeeded to the throne, at the death of King Frederick William IV, on January 2, 1861, and the Prince, having become heir-apparent to the crown, began to take a more active interest in public affairs. He showed himself from the very beginning inclined to a moderately liberal policy, and upon this ground he was opposed to the high-handed measures by means of which Herr von Bismarck then sought to curb the resistance of the Prussian Parliament to the reorganisation of the army. However, the prime minister being in this respect but the mouthpiece of King William himself, the Prince, actuated by filial affection, forbore from openly manifesting his dissent; but when, in June, 1863, a provisional law for the coercion of the press was proclaimed by the Ministry, by which both the letter and the spirit of the constitution was infringed, Prince Frederick William thought proper to repudiate all implied complicity in this act by censuring the decree in a speech he delivered at Königsberg. During the continuance of the crisis, the Prince's, as well as his consort's, influence was constantly brought to bear on the scale of moderation and legality. Thus the dissolution of the House of Representatives in 1864 is thought to have been due to his exertions; and it is certain that the Prince must be credited with a large share in the ultimate pacific settlement of the conflict in 1866.

Prince Frederick William's personal leanings have always been emphatically peaceful, but the exalted

position he holds in the State forced him on three several occasions to join in the wars in which his country was involved, viz., in 1864, in 1866, and in 1870. In the first of these, which ended in the invasion of Denmark proper, he only acted as a volunteer; whilst in the wars waged against Austria and France, he commanded large armies and showed himself a consummate tactician. This is not the place to dwell on the dread slaughter to which these two internecine wars, the last one especially, gave rise. "Let the dead past bury its dead," and let us hope that the present generation will not again witness such a harrowing spectacle as it did four years ago. Close upon the fall of the French Empire, September 4, 1870, followed the resurrection of the German Empire from its ashes on the 18th of January, 1871, by which King William became Emperor, and Prince Frederick William Imperial Crown Prince of Germany.

As the expected ruler of one of the most powerful monarchies of the world, the person of this illustrious Prince will henceforth become a subject of the most paramount interest, and we are happy to believe that all his antecedents, and all we know of his character, tastes, and predilections, lead us to the conclusion that if the peace of Europe be again disturbed, it will be through no fault of the future Emperor of Germany.

The benevolent institutions and the enterprises of public utility with which the names both of the Crown Prince and of the Princess Royal are connected, either as originators or as patrons, are so numerous and varied that we must forbear from giving an account of them. Let us only advert to the German Soldiers' Widows and Orphans' Fund and the Invalids' Institute, both of which were called into being under the auspices of Prince Frederick William and Princess Victoria, to bind up some of the deep wounds inflicted by the war of 1870. Neither will the name of the princely couple be easily forgotten by those who took part in the working of the associations for the relief of the sick and wounded, established in 1870 in England, France, and Germany. In the hospital chronicles of that unfortunate period, the name of our Princess Royal has a lustre thrown around it which may well vie with the barren martial glory achieved on battlefields.

The union of the Crown Prince of Germany with our Princess Royal has thus far produced eight children, the eldest of whom, Prince Frederick William Victor Albert, was born on January 27th, 1859, and the youngest, Princess Margaret Beatrice, on the 22nd of April, 1872. The fourth, Prince Sigismund, died in his second year, on June 18th, 1866, just at the beginning of the Bohemian campaign.

Both the Crown Prince and his illustrious consort are as yet in the prime of life, and, in the natural course of things, it is to be hoped that they will both continue to live many years, and while spreading truly pacific glory on Germany, will contribute to the promotion of peace and goodwill among mankind at large.

One thing above all others let us hope that the Crown Prince will never forget. The greatness of Germany comes not from its military glory, nor from its literary renown, although these are great, nor yet from its fertile soil or commercial wealth. Northern Germany is strong and great because it is the land of the Reformation, the land of Luther and

of the Bible. The German Empire in these days is in the forefront of Protestantism against Papal and Antichristian forces. The Protestantism which has made Germany strong is not that negative Freethinking which has opposed Infidelity to Romanism, but which evokes the spirit of civil and religious freedom, and which encourages that righteousness which secures Divine protection, and alone exalts a nation.

We ought to add a few words respecting our own Princess Royal, the Crown Princess of Prussia. Many of our readers doubtless remember that day in January, 1858, when she left our shores in company of her illustrious husband, when for the first time a breach was made in the till then unbroken circle of the Royal family of England. Ever since that time the august Princess has served as a true connecting link between the two nations no less than between the two dynasties. Without forgetting for a moment her native land, Princess Victoria has identified herself with the best interests of her adopted country. The seventeen years she has spent in Germany have been constantly devoted to the promotion of the good of those of whom she has become one. Yet her name is but rarely seen in print. All she has done has been done without noise, without ostentation. To the question, "Whereby am I to know the best state?" Schiller replies, "By the criterion by which the best woman is known—viz., that she is little spoken of." To this ideal of female excellency the Princess Royal has always been fully equal. Ranking as she does among the best of wives, the tenderest of mothers, and the most dutiful of all daughters, she has never sought to be among "the observed of all observers." In quiet domestic life her best traits of character have shone.

When Prince Albert died she had just finished a beautiful oil painting of the Ten Virgins as a Christmas present for her father. She had chosen the moment after the closing of the door, and the expression on the countenances of those who had passed in through the gate, as well as of those left outside and turning away, was very touching and appropriate. She had wrought many months at it, and the Duchess of Gordon had often sat beside her talking of the solemn lessons suggested by the whole scene, while the Crown Princess listened and painted. And when her father was gone before he had seen it, she often in her sorrow came to look at the picture into which so many thoughts of him had been embodied.

The interest always taken in art by the Princess was well known before she left this country. Her own performances in pictorial art we spoke of in some detail in an article in the "Leisure Hour" for August, 1865, with special account of the touching picture of the "Battle Field," painted by her for the "Patriotic Fund." She has frequently presented drawings or paintings to expositions and bazaars for benevolent purposes at Berlin.

Painting and sketching occupy no inconsiderable part of her hours of relaxation. When at the watering-place with the Crown Prince and the children on the islands off the coast of Sleswig, she usually spends the hour from twelve to one each day in painting. The last time she was there, in 1873, the weather was generally beautiful, and the young princes, in sailor's dress, spent most of their time on the beach. One afternoon, as the Princess was walking with the children near the shore, she saw





[Phot. Downing, Newcastle.]



[Phot. Berlin.]

THE IMPERIAL CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF GERMANY.

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a gay party preparing for a boating excursion. Coming up to them as they were entering, she asked whether room could be made for her. Of course a place was soon provided, and she took her seat among the ladies of the party in great glee. The children, however, seemed sadly disappointed, thinking they were to be left behind. But turning to one of the party, the Princess asked whether room could be made for them too.

"For the princesses quite easily," was the reply; "but these boys it is utterly impossible to take—that is, except they lend a hand at an oar."

A cry of delight and a leap brought two stout boys, with the two blooming girls, into the boat, which was soon under way. Before their return, however, a thunder-shower had soaked the whole party, and when leaving the boat, dripping as they were, the little daughter of a Hamburg merchant, taking the two little princesses in haste to her lodging, which was close by, had them in a few minutes back to their mamma, with every particle of their dress changed.

"See, mamma, what nice dry clothes, stockings, and boots Miss M. has given us, and ours are hung out to dry."

"Oh, how very kind! Give Miss M. a kiss for that," was the reply of the Crown Princess, and a happier party could not easily have been found when the excursionists, late in the evening, had found their way home.

The children's parties in the garden of the new Palace at Potsdam on birthday occasions, when a large number of the children in Potsdam of the same age are invited, constitute a grand festival for the whole neighbourhood.

The Crown Princess takes considerable interest in efforts made for providing employment for women, in infant schools, and in governesses' institutions. Still it is pre-eminently in the domestic circle and among her children that she finds her chief pleasure and occupation.

The Crown Prince being exceedingly popular as "our Fritz," the name always employed by the Emperor in writing about him to the Empress, his "wife," as he usually terms her, comes in for her full share of popular regard.

Many anecdotes about the Princess we might repeat, but we content ourselves with saying that with the brightness and gentleness of her father, she unites the homely virtues which have enshrined her royal mother in the respect and affection of her subjects.

We have pleasure in appending part of a leading article which appeared in the "Times," on the occasion of the Confirmation of the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Prussia last autumn.

"The rite of Confirmation in Prussia is a very serious and significant thing indeed. The young Prince, who is the youthful heir to the German Empire, has arrived at an age when he is deemed capable of assuming a personal responsibility for the conduct of life, and is expected to enter on its active duties. He is most reasonably called upon to consider at the outset the principles by which his life will be guided, and to determine the aim he will keep in view. With a view to this decision, he is submitted for a year to a special course of religious instruction, and at the end of that time is requested to state his convictions in writing. The statement being satisfactory to his instructors, he is admitted to the

sacred rite. In the presence of all the members of his family and of the great dignitaries of the State, he publicly reads a confession of his Faith, and declares his devotion to its precepts. He is minutely catechised by the chief Pastor, and, after listening to an address, he at length receives the Blessing of the Church, and is admitted into full communion with it. Our correspondent says that the young Prince's demeanour corresponded to the gravity of his words and of the occasion; and the son of the Crown Prince and Princess would have been unworthy of his parents if he had been capable of going through such a ceremony in a formal spirit. The previous instruction, the presence of his family and of the representatives of the State, and the deliberate profession demanded of him, must combine to make him feel that he is solemnly devoting himself to a manly and pious life.

"A Royal and Imperial position in Prussia carries with it far more than mere dignity. It is felt to involve the highest duties, and to demand the gravest self-devotion to the welfare of the State. The present Emperor has won the place he now holds in German hearts not by mere right of inheritance, but by the vigorous discharge of the duties of his great office. But the young Prince is especially fortunate in his father and mother. The Crown Prince of Germany might well lead his son to the altar, for he offers him the best example that could be desired of what the heir of the German Empire should be. Amid the many subjects for congratulation which the memories of the victories of 1870 arouse among the Germans, not the least must be their happiness in possessing a Prince on whom the nation can unreservedly bestow its loyalty and confidence. The Crown Prince has been no nominal leader in three successive wars, and in character, in action, and in manly bearing, he commands by his personal merit the homage of the nation. The Crown Princess fully shares his high purpose and capacity; and perhaps we may some day recall with satisfaction, that part of the training of a great German Sovereign was due to the influence on his mother of an English Queen and her admirable Consort."

## RECOLLECTIONS AND ADVENTURES OF AN AERONAUT.

BY RUFUS GIBSON WELLS, AMERICAN CITIZEN.

I.

I LEFT London near the close of September, 1870, to offer my services as an aeronaut to the infant Republic of France. On arriving at Tours I found Dr. Hosmer and three other representatives or reporters of the "New York Herald," Mr. Remington and several more manufacturers or agents of American fire-arms, but no one to represent the U. S. Government. Mr. Washburne, the American Minister, concluded to remain in Paris during the siege; I therefore called to see his Excellency Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador, and explained to him my desires. He readily testified to my ability by placing his seal to a document which had been given to me by Mr. Severn, the English Consul at Rome, certifying to the fact that I had made some remarkable ascents from that city, and furthermore said that he would with pleasure speak to the Government of the National Defence in my behalf.



Thanking Lord Lyons for his opportune assistance, I went in search of M. Boure , the secretary to the new Government at Tours. I found him and explained to him that I had come to give my services to the French Republic. Handing him some of my testimonials, and informing him that Lord Lyons had promised to speak to some of the members for me, I said I would call again the next day. On presenting myself before the members "*de la D fense Nationale*," they desired to know my opinion on an extremely difficult subject, that of taking General Bazaine out of Metz. They wished to place him at the head of the army of the Loire. I explained to them that it would be quite easy to construct a balloon in a few days in Metz, of sufficient proportions to carry General Bazaine, with twenty, fifty, or even a hundred of his officers over the German army, and far beyond their reach, landing him in perfect safety in France, or in some other country, north, east, or south of Germany, with only an ordinary-shaped aerostat, floating with the breeze. In the same manner Gambetta and more than a hundred persons afterwards left Paris. The momentous question was how to get into Metz.

They thought I had better construct a balloon as soon as possible, and take it to the nearest town to Metz held by the French, or, if permitted, go into Belgium, and when the wind blew towards Metz hastily inflate the balloon, start and try to get into that city. I thought that it would be well to make the balloon double, and so perfect that it would hold the gas for many days, or even weeks, so that it could be carried as near the Prussian lines as possible, and then to take the first favourable wind blowing over Metz. The fire balloon might also be used with good advantage on account of its cheapness, quick and easy inflation with heated air, at any place where there were light winds, such as we usually have in the summer. The gas balloon was much more expensive, but, at the same time, more sure and readily managed in unpropitious weather.

I acquainted them with the fact, which I had likewise stated to Lord Lyons, that I had constructed a balloon which had been purchased by the Prussians, and that I had been employed by them to give instruction at Cologne in the art of managing balloons, and to make observations myself by making ascents during the war. When Napoleon III surrendered, and the Republic was proclaimed, I went to Belgium, Holland, and then to London. I had offered my services to both the French and the Prussians at the commencement of the war, and they were accepted by the latter, owing probably to my being well known to them. I had made a very successful ascent from Berlin on the 27th of August, 1868, and afterwards conversed with the Crown Prince, at Potsdam, about the great utility of balloons in time of war, when he promised that he would speak to the King about me, and would remember me should they have another war, remarking that he earnestly hoped that they would not have occasion to fight soon again.

The French now accepted my services, allowing me to use my own judgment about the best way of carrying out the object, giving me credit to the amount of twenty thousand francs. While waiting a day for my papers of credit, and a military passport which allowed me to travel on any railway in France not held by the Prussians, at one-fourth the usual fare, I called on M. Gaston Tissandier and another French

aeronaut, who had but recently arrived with balloons carrying the mail from Paris. M. Tissandier asked me if I had not been employed by Bismarck, saying that he had read in the Paris journals that I was going to make ascents before Metz and Strasburg. I replied that I had been occupied in Germany previous to the downfall of the French *Empire*, but that I had now come to assist the French *Republic*.

As soon as my documents were ready, I left for the city of Lyons to purchase a quantity of silk. Having gone half way I was detained at a small town for several hours in the night, where the station saloons were crowded with officers and soldiers, and the air had become so impure and disagreeable that I preferred to remain outside, although it was extremely cold weather. Fortunately I overheard some ladies and gentlemen, who were in the same condition as myself, remarking in French that there were some empty railway carriages under a shed adjoining the station; they were hastening to occupy them. I followed and found a vacant seat, where I lay down and went to sleep, remaining unconscious for a few hours of the cold, confusion, and excitement which prevailed around me.

Before daylight I was awakened by an official, who said that the wagon would soon be attached to the train bound eastward for Lyons. On arriving at that city in the night, I went to a comfortable hotel, and, after taking a good meal, went about the streets to see and learn all I could, as I had but a short time to remain there. On my voyage from India to attend the Exposition Universelle at Paris, I had seen but little of the city during an hour's delay of the train at the station. After looking into some fine magazines or shops, where an excellent collection of rich silks was displayed, I crossed the river and took a stroll on the top of a high hill to obtain a view of the city. It was a splendid sight, illuminated by gaslight and reflected from the waters of the beautiful Rhone. On returning late at night, I asked an officer in the street the nearest way to my hotel. Finding that I did not speak French like a Frenchman, he asked me a question in the German language, which I understood, but replied to him in French. He then told me the way. When about to retire to bed, I heard a knock at my door, and on opening it met a French officer and the landlord. The officer asked to see my passport; finding it all right they allowed me to retire. No doubt they had been told by the officer who spoke to me in German in the street, that he suspected me of being a Prussian spy.

The next day I called early upon a commission merchant, to see about purchasing a large quantity of silk. I soon selected all that I wanted, and then went with the same gentleman to call upon the Mayor of the city. I gave him my letters of recommendation and credit. I was a little surprised to find, among some twenty persons in the anteroom, M. Gaston Tissandier, the French aeronaut, whom I had called upon at Tours. He went in before me alone to speak to the Mayor, and remained with him until I appeared. After reading my documents, the Mayor asked me if I had not been with the Prussians, instructing them in the art of using balloons in making observations on the battle-field and before besieged cities. I answered him in the affirmative. "Does le Gouvernement de la D fense Nationale know that?" "Most certainly," I replied. "I will telegraph you first to the Government at Tours before giving you silk; you will please call again to-morrow."

I called the next day—no answer; again, on the following day without any satisfaction. I then informed the American Consul at Lyons how the Mayor had acted, when the Government had given me strict orders to make all possible haste in the matter. He advised me to take the silk and the gentleman who owned it, if he was willing, with me to Tours, and let him settle the affair with the Government. I did so without calling again upon the Mayor. It was arranged for the Government to pay the amount, which was over thirteen thousand francs, in three months. M. Boureé said it was the jealousy of M. Tissandier that had caused the delay, which he regretted very much. He said that the Mayor had not acted very wisely in causing so much delay in an affair which might be of vital importance to the nation.

While I was at Lyons, M. Gambetta arrived with the balloon called "Armand Barbes," which left Paris on the 7th October. He was accompanied by his secretary, M. Spuller, and M. Trichet, aeronaut. This was the sixth balloon which had left Paris during the siege. It left St. Peter's Place, Montmartre, at 11.15 A.M., and descended 2.45 P.M., being three and a half hours in the air. There were nearly 53,000 cubic feet of gas in the aerostat. The first ascent, which took place on September 23rd, was by M. Durouf, with the balloon "Neptune"; the second on September 25th, by Mangin and Luz, with M. Eugene Godard's "City of Florence," which was presented to him by the good people of that magnificent city, after losing his balloon by fire; the third on September 29th, by Louis Godard and Courtin with two balloons united, "Napoleon" and "Schwalbe"; the fourth on September 30th, with the "Celeste," by M. Gaston Tissandier; the fifth on September 30th, without any one in it, carrying sixty pounds of proclamations.

I called to see M. Gambetta at the palace of the Archbishop of Tours. He referred me to the director of the balloon and pigeon post. He telegraphed to Poitiers on the line to Bordeaux, in reference to a large room in which I could construct the balloon. Answer came that the city hall was at my disposal. While at Tours I called to see Madame Bazaine, who was staying at one of the convents. She received me very politely, and said she hoped I might succeed in my daring project. She asked me to call again when I was ready to start for Metz, and she would send a note and her photograph to General Bazaine. She is a Mexican lady, and as I had learnt Spanish while travelling several years in Mexico, California, and South America, we conversed in the Spanish language. I gave her some small pieces of silk to keep as mementoes of the mammoth balloon. I asked her if she thought that her husband would leave Metz if I should be fortunate enough to get into that city. She appeared to think it doubtful whether he would come away and leave the army and the artillery in Metz, which seemed also to be the opinion of some of the members of the Government. If he and his officers had wished to have left Metz, it is strange they did not think of doing so with balloons. No doubt they could have found somebody in the city who could have constructed a balloon and inflated it for them.

On arriving at Poitiers with the large box of silk, I found the room suitable, but it was difficult to find sewing-machines and persons to work them. I therefore went to Bordeaux, where I found a spacious room, about 150 feet in length, in the

garden adjoining the building occupied by the Mayor of the city. It had formerly been used for an exhibition. I received permission to use it. With the aid of a dozen sewing-machines and women to work them, I made an aerostat 178 English feet in length. It was the longest aerial machine ever built, with a diameter sufficient to give it a capacity of nearly 250,000 cubic feet, greater than the famous Nadar balloon, the "Géant," which was exhibited some time at the Crystal Palace. One reason that I made it so large was that I intended to use a small steam-engine.

Before the balloon was completed, the astounding news was received that the Marshal had surrendered with all his force. Many people said that he was a traitor and deserved to be shot. I was exceedingly disappointed. As the Government were very anxious to have the experiment tried, I had worked frequently from morning early till ten o'clock at night. In order to carry on the work expeditiously, I had joined four breadths of silk into a half segment, which equalled the three breadths of cotton for lining, making a flat seam of double sewing before cutting the material into segments, which, when completed, were 178 feet in length and 15 in breadth; by so doing I reduced very much the amount of cutting and sewing. The segments were then laid one upon the other, smoothed out upon the floor, and the varnish applied. On account of the unpropitious state of the weather, a portion of the balloon was hung up to dry the varnish in the great theatre, a part in the Protestant church, and the rest in the saloon in which it was manufactured.

I received a telegram from Tours to finish the aerostat as soon as possible, as they might wish me to go with it to Paris. Several gentlemen were very desirous of returning to their families and business in Paris; they offered me any amount of money for a passage.

When the balloon was completed, except joining the two halves, it was packed up and transported to Tours, filling two railway carriages. I was informed that the pigeons were doing so well that it would not be necessary for me to go with the balloon to Paris.

It was taken into an old church, with the windows in such a state that you would have thought that it had been shelled by the Prussians. Here I met Madame Poitvin, the most celebrated and courageous female aeronaut of the age. She has often descended from great heights with her parachute. I have seen her at Naples, waving the tricolour flag of France, many thousand feet above Mount Vesuvius during a terrific eruption, with its black sulphurous smoke wreathing in majestic columns beneath her car. She had offered her services to her country while in a foreign land, and they had been accepted. She thought that if she could have occupied the place of Napoleon or Bazaine with as many brave and determined French women as they had men, with the same firearms, there would have been no surrender, and her country would not have suffered such a terrible disgrace! She possessed the chivalrous and true patriotic spirit of her noble but unfortunate countrywoman, Jeanne d'Arc. I have also heard that Madame Durouf had more courage than her husband in their perilous adventure over and into the North Sea. Among the many passengers of both sexes who have ascended with me in the various nations of the globe which I have visited, I think that the

ladies have manifested more presence of mind, and less fear in dangerous situations, than the gentlemen.

Tours was now threatened by the enemy. I had orders to pack up the balloon in haste, and prepare to return to Poitiers or Bordeaux, where Gambetta and all those connected with the *Défense Nationale* expected to go soon. I became acquainted with Messrs. May and Raynold, two American agents, who left Paris on the same day as M. Gambetta, October 7th, with the balloon, "George Sand," the aeronaut Revilliod, and a French sub-prefect. I also met M. Louis Godard, who came from Paris with the third balloon which left during the siege. I had before made his acquaintance in Alexandria. He gave me some pieces from the "Armand Barbes," in which Gambetta left Paris. The aerostat had been partly destroyed by heat after the descent, owing to the fact that it was made in a hurry, and the varnish did not have time to dry properly. Several of the balloons, while packed up, were ruined by spontaneous combustion. At last the news came that the Prussians were really coming, and there was a mighty rush for Bordeaux. All the balloons that came out of Paris, that were good for anything, together with the one built by me, were sent off by train as fast as possible. There was such confusion, and so many hundreds of loaded wagons at the station at Bordeaux, there having been a general stampede on the different lines of railway for fear of the Germans, that it required some days for the railroad officials to find the different balloons.

The weather had in the meantime become many degrees warmer, so that the balloons in being packed so long were injured more or less by the heat. There was great difficulty experienced in obtaining a room in which to put them, owing to the rush of people into the city. I found the room where I had made the balloon occupied by the soldiers. After looking the city over for several days, I found a large music-hall empty, belonging to a society, but they refused to permit the balloon to be placed in it. I told them that the aerostat had already been injured by heat, and that it was lying in the open air near the station. Their fear of its injuring the saloon, however, overbalanced their patriotism. I was, therefore, forced to have it transported, and placed under an open shed used for shipbuilding. On Christmas day, while I was following to the grave a friend of mine, Dr. Edwards, an American dentist, who died of consumption, thousands of troops were marching in the same direction along the broad street, the band playing the cheering Marseillaise. Little they thought, no doubt, that a few days more, and many of them would be stretched upon the battle-field, cold and lifeless as the corpse now by their side.

One thing struck me very forcibly while at Bordeaux, making an unfavourable impression on my mind—the want of union and confidence among the French people, without which a republic cannot stand. To expedite my business, I desired to distribute it among different parties, but they would not agree to it. One man had such a selfish nature, that he would have the whole work or none. I could not impress upon them the conviction that it was for the benefit of their country and themselves, and not for me, that I wished the aerostat speedily completed. If they had shown more goodwill and harmony, the balloon would have been finished in a much shorter time.

While I was engaged at Bordeaux, M. Dupuy de Lôme was manufacturing in Paris a balloon of similar shape, but of less dimensions, conformable with the views and plans which he laid before the Academy of Science in their *séances* of the 10th and 17th of October, but he was unable to finish it before the closing of the war. He tried it, however, on the 2nd of February, 1872, at Vincennes, having several men to turn the *helice*, or screw, instead of using a steam-engine. The result of the experiment was not very satisfactory on the whole, although it created some interest at the time. It was taking a step backwards instead of advancing in the cause of science, by using men in the place of steam. His balloon cost the Government nearly as much again as the one I made, although it was only half the size.

I hope to be able to construct an aerial machine 300 feet in length, of a capacity of 1,000,000 cubic feet, to use at the Philadelphia Exhibition in 1876. This would have a lifting power, when completely inflated with pure hydrogen gas, of 70,000 pounds, including its own weight, or half of that amount should I use city gas, or carburetted hydrogen. With this gigantic machine, supplied with a twenty-horse power steam-engine to propel an immense screw, I propose to make an aerial voyage around the world, during the Grand Centennial Exposition, accompanied by a scientific man and reporters. The engine will be placed in a small and comfortable steamboat, which will be well provided with life-rafts, boats, and dresses, so that we need have no fear of sea or ocean. A machine for compressing the gas at pleasure, and of making our descents without losing any of it, will be used, so that in fair weather we can pay a visit to mother earth whenever we desire fresh provisions, although we shall have enough on board to last us many months. The balloon will be called the "Centennial," and will be made of several thicknesses of a light and strong canvas of cotton and linen. It will be so well varnished with an impervious composition that it will retain the gas a year if required; and there will not be the least danger in carrying fire or lights with us to warm, read, or make our observations during the night. The steam-engine will not be used when the current floats us in the right direction.

Finding that my health was seriously impaired by severe exposure and constant anxiety, and there being but a faint prospect of using the balloon either for going to Paris or for making observations on or near the battle-field, I gave up the employment and went to Italy until I became convalescent, when I went eastward to visit Turkey. There had been, the year before, a tremendous fire at Constantinople, destroying some twenty thousand houses in Pera, the European and best part of the capital. I at great expense enclosed a place at Taxim, near Pera, for the ascents. I soon built a new balloon for gas, and put it on exhibition in the small garden of Concordia, situated on the principal street of Pera. I was very much disappointed in obtaining a supply of gas, by a great mistake of the engineer of the gas-works about the size of the pipe in the street where I wished to inflate my balloon. Instead of being several inches in diameter, it was only one and a half. As it seemed too late to remedy it, and very difficult to change the position, I concluded to inflate with the small pipe. It required two days and



nights. The weather was delightful, without any wind, or I would not have run the risk of my balloon, or taken the responsibility of a failure.

I could not obtain permission for the Turkish ladies to come into the enclosure from the authorities. John P. Brown, Esq., secretary of the American Legation at the Sublime Porte, gave me a letter of recommendation to Halil Pasha, director of the cannon factory and gas-works. Although he received me very kindly, and spoke English perfectly, I did not succeed in obtaining from him, or through his influence, permission for the Turkish ladies to mix with other ladies in the amphitheatre prepared for them, or for myself to have a larger gas-pipe put down temporarily, so that I could inflate my aerostat in a few hours.

I offered my services to the Turkish Government to construct balloons for war or to give instruction to several military officers or engineers, but as they had a dozen powerful English-built ships of war lying in the Bosphorus, before the Sultan's door, they felt secure against the combined fleets of the world, without the assistance of any new inventions.

On the day of the ascent there was such a vast multitude of people collected in the streets adjacent to the balloon, which had been a great source of attraction during the two days' inflation, that the police were not able to keep a passage open for the better class of society to reach the enclosure, so that thousands were kept away on that account who otherwise would have patronised the enterprise.

In leaving the amphitheatre, the aerostat came in contact with the top of a pole, which tore it open about a yard in length near the centre, and caused it, after rising a few hundred feet, to descend into a tree standing in an enclosure where they were building a new Greek church. The place was crowded with Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and people from other nations, of both sexes, who were very much terrified to see me coming down in their midst. Quickly climbing into the circle, or hoop, I took my knife and cut away the car and anchor, and then rapidly ascended standing on the hoop, to the great astonishment of the public, who testified their pleasure by their loud cheering in at least a dozen different languages.

How shall I attempt to describe the magnificent panorama then seen? Beneath me, most charmingly situated, lay the grand city, whose annals I had read with such thrilling interest, and whose unparalleled beauties have furnished a sublime and enchanting theme for ancient and modern poetry. Between the two continents of Europe and Asia roll the clear, sparkling waters of the Pontus Euxinus, or Black Sea, ever onward through the beautiful Bosphorus, into the ancient Propontis, or Sea of Marmora, and still onward through the Hellespont into the glorious blue waters of the Mediterranean. On the south were the distant shores of ancient Thrace and the islands of the Propontis; beyond, the lofty peak of the Russian Olympus, quietly resting beneath its everlasting snows, like a guardian angel robed in white, watching its neighbouring mountains of Bithynia and the neat villages and sweet groves nestling upon the fair plains below them. Upon the Bosphorus rides the powerful, English-built fleet of men-of-war, at anchor before the royal marble palaces of the Sultan, while a hundred swift steamers and stately ships from every land, together with a multitude of light and graceful caiques,

are ploughing its crystal waters, or basking in the sun's bright rays in the Golden Horn.

Gently moving with a light summer breeze to the eastward, I saw, under the hills, Dolma Baktcha, the winter palace, conspicuously located at the water's edge, on the European side; and less than a mile beyond, on the same side, the new royal residence, costing a fabulous price, built in Italian style, with the best of marble, and said to be more gorgeously furnished than any other palace on the face of the globe.

About eight miles from the city, upon one of the high bluffs of the Bosphorus, stands the new American Missionary College, where, on the 4th of July, I was one of the favoured party who heard the Hon. Wm. H. Seward make a short but eloquent address, when on his voyage round the world. Three miles distant, on the Asiatic side, was Begierbeg, the exquisite summer palace of white marble, with its luxuriant vineyards and luscious fruits, extending along the declivity of the hills, where the Sultan, with his beautiful wives and favourites, was seated in his charming pavilion, eagerly watching the movements and progress of the aerostat through the atmosphere with a powerful glass, as I learned shortly after my descent. On the west was the famous Old Seraglio, where the Sultan's mother resides, divinely situated in a terrestrial paradise between the Sea of Marmora and the Golden Horn, forming part of Stamboul. An immense park surrounds the palace, in which I could easily distinguish the Medical College and Botanic Garden. The Royal Mint, and grand mosques of St. Sophia, of the Sultans Selim and Mohammed II, the Egyptian and Burnt Columns, the new Fire Tower, the extensive Government buildings, were seen standing upon the place of ancient Byzantium. North of the Golden Horn was the Valley of Sweet Waters, and the old Jewish cemetery, with its multitude of tombstones covering the tops of the hills; the English Embassy, commanding a fine view of the city; the ruins of Pera, the mammoth barracks for the officers and soldiers, the new public garden, with its lively strains of music,—all helping to fill in the enchanting scene.

I descended not far from the Dolma Baktcha, on the top of the house of a Turk, the balloon pulling me off into his garden without injuring me in the least. I soon let out the gas, and returned to the place from where I had made the ascent, followed by thousands who had never seen a balloon before. An Italian aeronaut, I was informed, had made two ascents from that city many years ago, but on the second ascent he was lost in the Sea of Marmora. The Sultan sent an officer to inquire of me if I was hurt on my descent, and why I had ascended without my car. He had crossed the Bosphorus with the Sultan's caïque, and had taken a horse from the royal stables. After I had satisfactorily explained to him the cause of the accident, he swiftly returned to the Sultan at Beglerbeg. I learned that on his return his Majesty gave him £20 (Turkish pounds). The man who rowed him across followed him into the presence of the Sultan, and when he gave the money to the officer, he inquired of his Majesty if he might ask a favour of him. "Yes," said the Sultan, "what is it?" "I have been in your service for many years, and I beg to retire, as I am becoming old." The Sultan ordered that he should receive the sum of £50 (Turkish pounds), and he gave up the service.

I regretted very much that the accident occurred,

because the light wind would have carried me into Asia in the direction of the place where the Sultan was sitting at the time. My friends all thought that I would obtain a present from his Majesty. I met an officer, who was in the Turkish service at the time I made the ascent, some time afterwards in London, who told me that he learned that the Sultan had sent me a handsome present, but it went into some other person's pocket.

## Varieties.

**LUTTRELL AND SHARPE.**—Richard Sharpe—"Conversation Sharpe," as he was nicknamed in society—had been in early life a wholesale hatter. Having a dingy complexion, somebody said he had transferred the hue of his hats to his face. Luttrell said that "it was a darkness which might be felt."

**GRANT BROTHERS.**—The two Grants, Charles and Robert, are always together, and both very forgetful and unpunctual. Somebody said that if you asked Charles to dine with you at six on Monday, you were very likely to have Robert at seven on Tuesday.—*Greville*.

**HOUSE PROPERTY.**—By means of the House Tax we get an annual account of the value of the inhabited houses in Great Britain worth £20 a year or upwards. An official return has been issued for the financial year ending on the 5th of April, 1873; and it shows that in that year the duty, at 9d. in the pound, was charged on dwelling-houses of the annual value of £28,455,854; and at 6d. in the pound, on shops and warehouses of the annual value of £9,232,546; on beershops of the annual value of £3,575,560; and on farmhouses of the annual value of £759,767. The total annual value, therefore, was £42,023,727, which is £806,749 more than in the preceding year. The increase extended to every one of these four classes of houses, but is most marked in the first—namely, the ordinary dwelling-house, in which it amounted to more than £500,000. An increase in value is, of course, constantly going on. It is attributable partly to the advancing value of house property, but more to the increase in the number of taxable houses—that is, houses worth £20 a year or more. If we go back seven years, and compare the above return with that for the year ending the 5th of April, 1866, we find that at that time the values were very much less; the dwelling-houses taxed were assessed at the annual value of only £20,826,335; shops and warehouses, £7,505,169; beershops, £2,841,181; farmhouses, £606,766; making a total of £31,779,451, which in seven years rose to be 42 millions.

**RAILWAY COMMUNICATION BETWEEN INDIA AND RUSSIAN ASIA.**—A letter was read at the last meeting of the French Geographical Society from M. de Lesseps, stating that his son, M. Victor de Lesseps, and Mr. Stuart, an English engineer, had returned after ten months' exploration on the frontiers of Afghanistan and among the Himalayas. Their observations and unpublished geographical works placed at their disposal by the Indian Government give a choice of three routes for railway communication between India and Russian Asia:—1. From Peshawur to Caboul, Balkh, Samarkand, Tashkend, Fort Orsk, and Orenbourg. 2. From Peshawur by the Valley of the River Caboul, Chitral, the Pamir table-land, Le Bassin de la Yarkand River, the towns of Yarkand, Kashgar, Kokand, Tashkend, Ekaterinebourg or Orenbourg. 3. From Lahore to the course of the Soloum, the River Nedrige, Shyok Karakorum, the rivers of Yarkand, Kashgar, the towns of Kokand, Tashkend, Valley of the Jaxartes, and Ekaterinebourg or Orenbourg. The first and second of these, though practicable from an engineering point of view, seem excluded on other grounds; fanaticism and civil wars prevailing in the territory to be traversed up to the Russian possessions would even preclude surveys from being made, and both Russia and England would be hostile to any project involving their intervention in the affairs of Afghanistan. As for the third route, which alone seemed feasible to the explorers, the crossing of the Himalaya and Cashmere chains would be a serious undertaking; but the explorers found that by following the Valley of the Soloum and ascending to Srinagar, the capital of Cashmere, great heights might be reached by gradual slopes, as was stated before their departure

by the late Monseigneur Elie de Beaumont, whose statement that the rock to be cut in case of a tunnel between one valley and another would be softer than in European mountains had also been confirmed. The greater length of the line would be compensated by security to life; for, whereas no traveller could go from Peshawur to Tashkend by Afghanistan without danger, a journey between Lahore and Yarkand offered no serious perils. The explorers met Mr. Russell in the Himalayas with 600 mules laden with English goods, while merchandise from Yarkand is now sold in London. Cashmere, moreover, is under a tributary of the Indian Government. Eastern Turkestan or Kashgar is governed by an intelligent young sovereign, Yakoob Beg, who had just concluded a liberal treaty with England. His capital, Yarkand, with 200,000 inhabitants, would become the junction between the Anglo-Indian and the Central Asian lines, as also the starting-point of a direct line to China. When England, added M. Lesseps, sees Russia extending her railways from Central Asia to Tashkend and the frontiers of Eastern Turkestan, she will not like to remain outside the great commercial traffic which will result from it. She will hasten to promise the survey and construction of a railway facilitating her commercial interests with Central Asia and Western China.

**RATS.**—In a few years' time, unless some active measures are taken, London may expect great trouble from rats. It is a startling fact that one pair of rats, with their progeny, will produce in three years no less a number than 646,808. A doe rat will have from six to eight nests of young each year for four years together, and from 12 to 23 at a litter; and the young does will breed at three months old; and there are more females than males, at an average of about ten to six. If they ran about the streets like cats and dogs, the public would be terrified, but as they hide and work in the dark, men seldom see or think of them. Brick drains are their chosen haunts; skirting boards, backs of fire-places, under the flooring, or between the rafters are their places for breeding. The London sewermen state that brick drains are the rats' best friends, and that nothing but glazed pipes with heavy sink traps will stop the sewer rats getting into houses. They will not go up pipes for the fear of being drowned, knowing they have no means of escape. They are seen in the sewers migrating in communities to some discovered quarter for food, and the sewermen believe that they have a language of their own. If builders were to case skirting boards with galvanised plating, particularly at each corner, it would stop the vermin considerably. Care should also be taken to fill with concrete and small stones or broken glass the space under and about fire-places, as the doe rats choose that quarter for breeding on account of the warmth.—*Builder*.

**CURIOSITIES OF THE LONDON DIRECTORY.**—It may be recorded for the information of those who dread the levelling and republican tendencies of the age, that in the "Commercial" Directory we find, engaged in various professions, trades, and businesses, from bankers and artists down to bakers and grocers, 29 "Dukes," an equal number of "Lords," 28 "Nobles," 28 "Barons" and "Barons," one "Marquis," 36 "Earls" and "Earles," two columns of "Knights" and "Knightleys," and no less than five columns of "Kings" and their derivatives, "Kingstons," etc. The family of "Smith" is better represented than ever, as they have risen, in this part of the volume, from 13 columns in 1847 to 19 columns in 1874-5. As each column contains about 86 names, the veriest tyro in his multiplication table may discover by the aid of Messrs Kelly that at the present moment, whereas a letter addressed to "Mrs. Smirk, London," would be sure to find its destination, the name having only one representative, a letter for "Mr. Smith" with the same vague address would become a bone of contention between no less than about 1,630 "commercial" Smiths, to say nothing of six more columns, including about 500 more "Smiths," in the Court Directory. And this calculation excludes all the "Smyths" and "Smythes." The fact that upwards of a hundred persons whose names begin with the letter "Z" figure in the Commercial Directory, bears testimony to our willingness, as a nation, to admit Germans and Italians into all our trading privileges; and 12 columns of "Macs" and "Mc's" show that in the thriving community of London there is still ample room for the Scotch and Irish to increase and multiply. Of the unmistakably Celtic prefix O, the examples are far more rare; for all the O'Briens, O'Connors, O'Donnells, O'Neills, O'Ryan, and O'Sheas, etc., that we can discover here scarcely reach 80 in all, while the Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons, and even the Greens, Whites, Evanses, and Williamsses have to be counted by hundreds. It is only fair, of course, to say that many of these Celts appear in other pages as Brians, Connors, Neills, Neales, etc.